a mad elephant in the jungle, the personal equation slips away and the Great Beyond comes near.

One western writer of our generation, or rather an eastern writer in a western body,, has expressed in just eight lines a greater volume of passion than are condensed in any other octrain in our literature, because the words of "Request" are those of a woman who died to prove their truth. Perhaps no one has described this phase of life so well as that great artist Baber in narrating an experience of his own life. He " used to stroll bareheaded and barefooted through lane and street, garden and orchard, neglecting the attentions due to friend and stranger, and the respect due to myself and others. Distracted I roamed alone over mountains and deserts. I could neither sit nor go ; I could neither stand nor walk." From this mighty Moghul monarch is it so far a cry to the frail Parisian woman, the acknowledged queen of that sisterhood, of whose very existence our half of the world feigns ignorance, until now and

again a volcano from that submerged hemisphere bursts about our feet. At least she of whom I write has been a power in her generation, and that

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